

THE LOWELL OFFERING

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CHARITY.

"It is singular to me, Mrs. Evans, that a lady of your sense of propriety should be so intimate with that fire-fly—I declare I do not know what else to call her—Miss Barnard. I always tremble when I am where she is, for fear of what she will do, or say next," remarked the languid and genteel Mrs. Allen, in the course of a morning call upon the lady she addressed, where some five, or six individuals were present, besides the ladies named.

"I think," replied Mrs. Evans, "that Miss Barnard never surely gave you any cause to fear that she would say an ill-natured, or ungenerous thing of an *absent* person."

"I am sure that her sarcasm and irony is ill-natured," replied Mrs. Allen hastily, and coloring.

"But she always levels it at those *present*," rejoined Mrs. Evans.

"And I always suppose," continued Mrs. Allen, "that one who will say a severe thing to my face, will say a worse one behind my back."

"Mrs. Allen, I think you are in an error," rejoined Mrs. Evans. "Those who will say *untrue* things to our face, merely for compliment's sake, generally will not hesitate to say *untrue* things of an opposite nature behind our backs to gratify their spite, envy, ill will, or perhaps to balance, in the great scale of right, the pretty falsehoods which they have perpetrated. On the contrary—those who say a severe thing to my face because it is *true*, I certainly can reasonably hope will not say any thing worse than the truth behind my back."

"But even a true thing may be ill-natured," remarked Dr. Davis.

"I admit it," replied Mrs. Evans; "but when a true thing can be said to our injury, the fault must be our own."

"Well, then," continued the gentleman, "I believe you must allow me to say some true things of your absent friend. For my part, I think it not only erroneous in us, but a wrong to her, to tolerate her total contempt of the opinions of others. Miss Barnard appears to me to possess an unpardonable heedlessness of consequences, an unfeminine desire for notoriety, and the supposition amounting to certainty, that the eccentricity, which she affects, is the seal of superiority—"

"A formidable catalogue, surely," interrupted Mrs. Evans; "and did I not know that she in truth possessed a very humble opinion of herself, I too, perhaps, might join in your censure. But the very eccentricity, of which you complain, arises in a great degree from a want of a proper estimation of herself. Awaken her benevolence, and not a thought of self, for the time being, remains in her mind; arouse her indignation, and self is the predominating influence in her actions. But individual opinion of character is far from being a correct criterion of justice. We all look upon our brother through our limited knowledge of his motives, and the darkling shadows of our own prejudices. Your particular impressions I cannot combat; we all have fancies and tastes peculiarly our own, and for which, in a certain degree, we are not amenable. A man may be every thing that is just and good, morally and intellectually, and yet be personally disagreeable to us. For this taste, or preference, we cannot be answerable, and yet, it is due ourselves that we yield him in justice all that belongs to him, while it may be equally his misfortune and ours, that he does not please us."

"I was not questioning Miss Barnard's power of pleasing—I was disposed to censure her want of prudence, propriety, and if you will allow me so to say, her folly," responded Dr. Davis.

"Prudence, propriety, and folly all have questionable significations," rejoined Mrs. Evans, "determined according to the age, the country, and the society where they are applied. A Chinese, or Mahometan propriety, as applied to females, would be an American, or English impropriety. By what rule of right shall we decide these questions?"

"I am not disposed to go into a laborious and far-fetched investigation of the matter," returned the doctor; "if you please, we will only consider the propriety which should characterize an American lady."

"Very well," responded Mrs. Evans; "and by what rule should an American lady be governed in these questions?"

"If she is so unfortunate as not to possess common sense, and an innate sense of propriety also, let her be governed by the general tone of society," answered Dr. Davis.

"And that, we shall find," rejoined Mrs. Evans, "will differ in almost every community, and, I may say, in every circle and clique. As we are so unfortunate as not to have a court to decide, as a universal umpire, our questions of etiquette, almost every circle decides these questions to suit their own taste and convenience."

"We will not make the question one of merely conventional usage," returned the doctor. "As you have remarked, we have no courtly tribunal to which to refer this question, but we have a higher one; and it is peculiarly an American lady's prerogative to blend a Christian's sense of justice, right, and truth, with the polished courtesy of her manner."

"To 'be courteous,' to 'be kind,' just and true, then, should be the characteristics of a lady's character and manners?"

"Certainly so."

"According to your definition, then, a lady is more or less a lady by the possession or the want of these attributes?"

"In my estimation, she is. But why do you thus refine upon terms?"

"To be frank, sir, I think your judgment defines this question when thus catechised, but that it is your fancy, or if you please, your taste, which decides the matter in social intercourse. To make an application: Miss Barnard is kind, just and true, but not always courteous, and you dislike her. I could mention another lady of your acquaintance, who certainly is very de-

ficient in kindness, justice and truth, but her conventional courtesy is unrivalled; you admire her, and point her out as a pattern of perfection. By which, or what rule shall I judge you? But I will not press you for an answer, but ask you instead to name some of Miss Barnard's violations of propriety."

"You compel me to mention an incident which came under my own observation. In the course of my professional duties, I am often in obscure and unfrequented parts of the city; I see poverty, disease and vice united; I see much, from which a lady of refined sensibility would shrink in disgust; and yet, in one of our worst alleys, I met Amelia Barnard this morning unattended."

"You might have been mistaken, doctor," remarked Mrs. Cushing.

"I was disposed to think so myself," rejoined the doctor, "when I first saw her issue from the entrance of one of the meanest hovels; and, to be positive that my eyes did not deceive me, I crossed the street, and met her."

"Did she not appear abashed when she saw you?" inquired Mrs. Haviland.

"No," returned the doctor; "she paused as if she was intending to address me, but as she met the displeased expression of my countenance, which I did not care to conceal, she changed her intention, and passed on with a haughty look of scornful defiance."

"If I could have so far forgotten what belonged to myself as to have gone into such a place," remarked Mrs. Allen, "I should not have gone there for any good."

"I will not dispute you, Mrs. Allen," returned Mrs. Evans, pointedly, "but, still, another person might have sought out the poor, the miserable, and the vile from the purest motives of benevolence. Besides, suspicion is not testimony. It is but legal justice to believe a person actuated by pure intentions until he has been proved guilty of wickedness; and a partial exercise of that quality which 'thinketh no evil,' I sincerely believe would not deteriorate, in the least, from the dignity and purity of our own motives."

The door opened, and the entrance of Amelia Barnard interrupted Mrs. Evans's remarks. She was somewhat excited by the injustice of her visitors towards her young friend; and if she had not been interrupted, would have added some still more pointed remarks, for the particular edification of Mrs. Allen and Dr. Davis.

In her salutations, Amelia at first did not notice the doctor, but Mrs. Evans corrected her forgetfulness (if forgetfulness it was) by remarking,

"Amelia, Dr. Davis honors us with his presence."

"Doctor, pardon me," rejoined Amelia, "I *was* aware of your presence, but your absence would have been so much more agreeable to me, that I was half-disposed to imagine the matter as I wished."

"For once, Miss Barnard, our wishes strongly coincide: *your* presence will make my absence agreeable to myself."

"Thank you, dear gallant doctor!—do go," returned Amelia.

He rose to comply, but Mrs. Evans interposed, saying,

"Doctor, I cannot allow you to retire, until you have an explanation from Amelia."

"And for what," interrupted Amelia, "am I bound to give Dr. Davis an explanation? He is neither my guardian, nor lover."

"Amelia," interposed Mrs. Evans, "will you gratify *me* by telling why, and wherefore, the doctor met you in so questionable a part of the city, this morning?"

"Mrs. Evans," replied Amelia, "you know it is but a pleasure for me to

gratify *you*, but why do you ask this here?" and she glanced around upon the company.

"Dr. Davis has mentioned meeting you there, as an instance of your want of a sense of propriety."

"And where was the impropriety of my visiting the wretched, the destitute, and the sick?"

"Perhaps you have to learn, Miss Barnard," answered Dr. Davis, "that Quixotic benevolence is as questionable as a want of kindness; and to see a young lady alone, in search of an adventure, in the place I met you this morning, was assuredly an impropriety, not to call it by a harsher name."

"And so, forsooth, if accidentally, or providentially, a case of destitution, and want, comes to my knowledge, I must go and consult the wisdom of the whole city (Dr. Davis included) upon the propriety of the act, before I shall dare give a starving child a piece of bread and butter? Or, perhaps the honorable gentleman present would have me make an application to the Samaritan Society, of which, I believe, he is secretary. I once made such an application. The directresses, to whom I made my statement, were favorably disposed to my petition, and issued their notice for a meeting of the society, at the earliest day that their by-laws permitted. At the meeting a committee was appointed to investigate the matter, and make a report at the next meeting. The report was favorable, and an appropriation was made; and at the expiration of three weeks and four days, I had the satisfaction of knowing that the claimants, to whom I had directed the attention of the society, were to receive its bounty. But happily for them, there were some few individuals, whose alms did not of necessity pass under the inspection of an associated body—else they would have died before relief reached them. I do not mention this circumstance as detracting from the high and noble aim of any benevolent society—but associated bodies, like dignified persons, have to pass every thing through so many *pros* and *cons*, that they do not arrive at their conclusions soon enough to prepare the *breakfast* of a destitute family."

"Undoubtedly," remarked Dr. Davis, "I am to suppose that you were out on *that* errand, this morning?"

"You are at liberty to suppose what you please, sir; although, if you should suppose a charitable, instead of an unjust thing, it would be remarkable."

"But, Amelia," interrupted Mrs. Evans, "you have not complied with my request, and explained to me, why you were where the doctor met you."

"Pardon me, pardon me, my dear Mrs. Evans," she replied, dropping in a kneeling posture at that lady's feet, "but Dr. Davis, with his 'dignity,' 'propriety,' and 'the world's opinion,' always makes me forget every thing kind, or obliging, as much as his pills would make me forget every thing sweet, or palatable."

Mrs. Evans playfully put her hand over her mouth. "Forget Dr. Davis," said she.

"Would that I could, but—" Mrs. Evans held up her finger.

"Oh, dear! I cannot tell the tale as I should—I'm out of humor. But this morning, about half-past seven, I noticed a little boy, not more than four, or five years old, on the sidewalk crying—not with the passionate anger of childhood, but with the grief of maturer years. I went to him, and asked the cause of his grief. 'I am so hungry,' he replied, looking up into my face, very piteously. I believe he was ragged and dirty, but I led him into the house, and put some food into his hands, and he immediately started for the door. 'Stay and eat it here,' said I, 'and I will give you more.' 'Mary is hungry too,' said he. 'Who else is hungry?' I inquired. 'Mother is

hungry, but she do n't cry,' replied the little fellow. Well, what should I have done? Uncle had gone to his office, and there was no one in the house, save Margaret; and she, good soul as she is, is as great a stickler for propriety as Dr. Davis himself. I could not wait, or rather did not think, to go and consult the mayor about the propriety of taking a basket of eatables to some hungry children, but started off without advice, or counsel. I found hunger, sickness, and want of every kind, and I came here for you to help, or propose some plan for the farther relief of this destitute family. Shall I have your aid?"

"I have been unjust to you this morning, but as an atonement, allow me to provide for the present necessities of your proteges—I noticed the door from whence you came. And, in justification of myself, I must say, that you are so singular that it is almost impossible to decide, from your actions, whether you mean good, or evil. And as just as you are, allow me to ask if it is not our duty to 'avoid even the appearance of evil?'"

"When the appearance of evil exists in the imagination of the accuser, rather than the actions of the accused, I know not how we well can avoid it," returned Amelia.

"But, Miss Barnard, it is a duty we owe ourselves, our friends, and society, that our manner does not allow our motives to be misconstrued. The world judges of us by our actions. Others cannot be supposed to know our promptings to act, or our intentions in what we do, unless the action of itself is an explanation," rejoined Dr. Davis.

"And so," returned Amelia, "it is positively necessary, if I intend a good action, that I should draw out all the whys and wherefores in glaring capitals, for the benefit of the world, that 'whoso readeth, may understand,' to make my act, as well as intention, good? Let me tell you, that I have no great estimation of that benevolence, which requires to be published to make it praiseworthy. And moreover, as for me, I care but little for what the world thinks, or what it says."

"We should care for the opinions of others," remarked Dr. Davis; "we are in the world, and *with* it, not *independent* of it. It is in vain to try to make ourselves independent of our kind, or independent of aught in the great chain of creation. Each, and every one of us, is a link in the grand chain; and it is a very great error to suppose our little link is independent, or can break from the connection. We can twist ourselves into a knot, but that only impedes our own progress, rather retarding or changing the great onward movement."

"Well, well," interrupted Amelia, "you may prove thrice over, that my humanity hitches me to humanity, but for all that, what the world may say will never cause me to do, or leave undone a thing. I care for what Mrs. Evans, my uncle, Mr. Tolman, and a half-dozen I could name, say; but when you lump *them* up with the world, their influence ceases. Tell me a thing is *wrong*, or it is *right*, but do n't tell me that the world will think thus, and so. Truth came to save the world, but the world received it not; and if numbers are a true criterion of right, then, in the days of our Savior, the Jews were right, and the Apostles wrong."

"Although number does not make right," rejoined Dr. Davis, "yet truth, supported by collective evidence, is stronger than that given by individual testimony."

"With the *world*," said Amelia.

"Yes, if you please," continued the doctor, "with the world. And it is in the world where we wish to establish truth—not in heaven; in the hearts

of *men*—not with HIM, who is truth. Hence, we may conclude, that the combined efforts of ten individuals will produce greater results than those of a single individual. Therefore, it is our duty to throw our balance into the great scale of progressive truth, rather than attempt to play the pigmy giant alone."

"But, doctor," returned Amelia, "these 'combined efforts' must be carried out by individual action; and would it not be still better to have every man his own committee to transact his own business of benevolence, justice, and truth?"

"In a certain degree, every man must act for himself, but when we apply these principles to the efforts of public reformation, or instruction, we are too prone to consider the world just as you do—something which does not concern us. The old adage tells us, that 'what is everybody's business, is nobody's.' And in general efforts, we must have general, concerted, and regulated action."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Amelia, "I do n't want to be one of a thousand."

"And, yet, it is all that you can be. I am one, you are one, and we all severally count but one; but united, we make a hundred, or a thousand ones."

"But my Creator gave me," persisted Amelia, "individuality, and it is my right to retain it. If HE had intended us merely for corporated action, why not have blended us into one indivisible whole?"

"Truth, justice, right, and love are one indivisible whole," continued the doctor; "and for the advancement, discovery, diffusion, and application of these great principles of our existence, our efforts should be one great indivisible whole; but vanity, folly, and the desire to be pre-eminent above our neighbor, breaks and wastes the concert of our action. And, Miss Barnard, your fault is this desire for pre-eminence, for notoriety, for singularity; but bear it in mind, that we may be very odd, but that may not be, to be very good."

"And yet," said Amelia, "you will allow, that when the general tone of society gives us courtesy for sincerity, and hypocrisy for truth, that one is necessitated to be very odd, to be true."

"But," said Mrs. Evans, who had remained silent during this long colloquy, "is it not mere words that separate you? Is it not mere matters of forms and ceremonies, not principles, which divides man from his brother man? Our aim is all the same: we all are seeking to advance truth, morality, and virtue, and consequently man's happiness, and well-being. We stop and contend with our brother—not because his desire for the same object is not as ardent as our own, but because he wants to do his way, and we ours. Would it not be well to remember, that we are as far from him as he is from us? and that perhaps the true line is equally distant from both? We should remember, that 'though we have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though we have all faith, so that we could remove mountains, and have not that charity, which is love, we are nothing.' The mutual exercise of this principle of charity, would do more towards breaking down the barriers which separate one from another, than aught else. Indeed, its true exercise removes the mountains of our own prejudice and injustice."

GRACE.

THOUGH all the virtues great may be,
The greatest far is charity.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL ARE ALL THE WORKS OF GOD."

YES, they are indeed beautiful. Every true heart will respond to the sentiment; for, as we wander forth, amid Nature's works, our minds are filled with the most glorious conceptions of His power and wisdom, as displayed in the work of creation. Every variety, and form of beauty, which the mind can conceive, is there displayed. In every thing which we behold, we can discern some beauty. Water is one of the beautiful works of God's creation. There are many persons who love to look upon it when descending from the clouds, accompanied by the loud roar of thunder, and the swift flashes of lightning, darting through the horizon. Others will gaze upon the waters of the foaming cataract, as they rush, headlong, over the precipice, into the depths below, with feelings of awe and admiration. But *I* love better to wander by the silent river, or by the banks of some gently murmuring rivulet, and behold how quietly its waters flow on, unruffled by the storms which agitate the bosom of the ocean. Then the desire would arise in my mind, that my life might pass as peacefully, and a voice would seem to say, "Let not the storms of evil passion fall upon thy head; keep thyself free from the waves of contention, and strife;

'Then thy life shall gently pass,
Like a peaceful river,
Till thy happy home, at last,
Welcome thee for ever.'

Snow, too, is beautiful. It is used in the Holy Scriptures, as an emblem of purity. And well it may be, for it is a lovely sight to view the clear whiteness, without a shade of color; and from this we form some idea of the robes of angels, which are said to be of purest white.

As we behold the sun, moon, and stars, daily and annually performing their accustomed rotations, we are constrained to say, they too are beautiful. Although we descry innumerable beauties in the dazzling splendor of the sun, which is truly called the "King of day," and the moon, as she comes modestly forth at night, clothed in her borrowed light, attended by her train of glittering stars, yet Nature presents even lovelier scenes. As we wander through the wild and pathless forest, our minds are led from "Nature up to Nature's God," and we delight to contemplate the sublime spectacle, which is there presented to our view. Is there a person who does not feel his heart glow with gratitude, and pleasure, as he contemplates the goodness of his Creator? Is there not, to the reflecting mind, much of beauty and attraction in the prospect which the wild forest presents? *There* is a rich feast for the eyes, in the gigantic and graceful beauty of the outspreading branches of the lofty oak, which, for ages, and from the same spot, has looked upon the heavens, and witnessed the changes which time has wrought in the country around them. There, too, is the poplar, and the pine, towering in their strength and pride, while the dependent vine twines around them for support. Is it not a lovely scene? The sweet music of the warblers fills the air; and while the world around is full of care and strife, naught but sweet music, and gentle breezes disturb the harmony and repose of the wild forest.

"The bright, bright flowers," they too are beautiful. They bloom but for a season, and then fade and die; they are too lovely, too beautiful long to abide the storms which come upon the earth. They teach us lessons of ho-

liness, of our frail existence ; they tell of the angels of that bright and better land ; pure and holy are their teachings, for they speak of heaven, and of THAT BEING who created them. Truly may we exclaim, "How beautiful are all the works of God," for "He hath made every thing beautiful in its time." L.

TRUE CHARITY.

A Paraphrase on 1 Corinthians xiii.

THOUGH we should speak with tongues of
men,
And with the tongues of angels too,
And yet have not the priceless gem
Of *Charity*, that's ever true,
As sounding brass we have become,
Or like the cymbal's tinkling hum.
Though we have gifts that can unfold
The many prophecies of old,
And every mystery to our mind
Is known by wisdom well refined ;
And faith's bright banners o'er us wave,
So that we can life's dangers brave ;
And bid the mighty ocean lave
The mountain heights with briny wave,
And heed not *Charity's* soft call,
It will not profit us withal.
Though we may give our goods to feed,
And warm, and clothe the poor in need ;
And spread our bounties o'er the land
And sea, with an unsparing hand ;
And give our bodies to the flames
To justify our works, and aims,
And yet of love are destitute,
It will not give us good repute.
For *Charity* is truly kind,
With peace and gentleness combined ;
She suffers long, and vaunteth not,
Though by the world she is forgot ;
She envies not, nor is puffed up,

But deeply drinks of Wisdom's cup :
Unseemly she can never be,
But pure, and chaste, and ever free ;
From worldly selfishness she shrinks—
Is not provoked—no evil thinks :
For base iniquity she grieves,
And utters loud her warning voice ;
The paths of love she never leaves,
And in the truth must e'er rejoice :
She bears, believes, and hopeth still,
And strives to do her Maker's will.
Kind *Charity* can never fail,
She must, and ever will prevail.
Though all things else shall cease to be,
Wisdom, and knowledge flee away,
Yet love we surely still shall see
Triumphant through eternal day.
O'er faults she spreads her gentle wings,
And hides a multitude of sins ;
Of peace and harmony she sings,
And life, indeed, with her begins.
Faith, Hope, and *Charity*, these three
Abide in perfect unity ;
But true, the greatest of the three
Is soul-inspiring *Charity*.
On earth below, in heaven above,
Most sure true *Charity* is *Love* ;
We'll know, through all eternity,
That all in all is CHARITY.

L. A. B.

A FRAGMENT.

It was a calm, quiet, and lovely evening, that I wandered among the hills and valleys, and seated myself beneath the outspreading branches of an old oak tree. The landscape around me presented an appearance of unequalled splendor and loveliness. The tall trees of the forest, towering towards the

high heavens, waving their branches at every motion of the wind, were beautiful, and the flowers, "the glad children of the earth" which breathe to us lessons of instruction and holiness from above, they too were beautiful. The last rays of the departing sun still lingered upon the mountain tops, and the evening songs of the blackbird and thrush were heard, mingling with the sweet music of the waterfall. But soon their songs were hushed, and the moon and stars appeared, the bright and twinkling stars,

"That every night come forth,
And softly breathe their silvery light
Upon the quiet earth."

And oh! how beautiful they seemed.

"The sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
May thy blue pillars rise:
I only know how fair they stand
About my own beloved land."

There, amid the deep silence that reigned throughout the fragrant bowers, the wild forest, and all around, over hill and dale, as I sat gazing upon the lovely objects around me, sad but pleasant thoughts came over me, that we must bid adieu to a world so fair and bright, and leave behind us our dearest friends, never again to return to them. But the reflection came, that they would soon follow us, where we could join together in singing praises to God, in a fairer world than even this, for it is inhabited by the pure spirits of the "just made perfect." Let us not mourn then, when called to leave this world, for it is the will of "our FATHER in Heaven." L.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

I depart, * * *
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

* * * * *

Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass, fluttering, strew the gale,
Still must I on. * *

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

How few there are that would say with Byron, "My native land, good night!" Go where we will, there is a secret chain that binds the heart indissolubly to the land of our birth. Youth, with its passion, pride, and all the indignant feelings that accompany it, vanishes when the gem, that has given all the brilliancy to the crown, begins to grow dim—when the light is flickering in its decline—when the hoary head of age thinks of that last resting place, where it wishes to sleep in peace from the ravages of Time. What heart, we would ask, can dispel the charm, or break the band that leads us back willing captives to the dear home of our youth? the grave of

our fathers? How calm and quiet then appears the sunny spot where we spent our childhood—dearer, by far, for the distance that separates it from us, and the familiar scenes that memory is ever presenting to our fading sight! Though, in former years, in a burst of passion, or even while meditating calmly, we might have sworn an eternal separation, we might, with a heart overflowing with bitterness, have said sincerely, farewell to our native land, yet the near approach of death puts to flight all animosities. The last act of Byron is a striking evidence of the undying ardor of this feeling. In his anger, he had vowed that England should not contain his ashes, yet in his last moments, Italy, with its orange groves, and fascinating beauties; and Greece, the home of his adoption, the bright “land of battle and of song,” the country he hoped one day to see free, and all the sweet climates in which he had wooed the phantom, pleasure, seemed tame to the little nook, the lovely spot, where his boyhood had sported. And truly has it been said by another, that the heart of the great poet melted in affectionate remembrance, and owned its allegiance to the mighty power of Nature, while he ordered the final disposition of his remains. It is something which neither time nor space can obliterate, and the love we bear our “Native Land,” is even more powerful than ambition, or the love of fame, for dust must mingle with kindred dust.

“Something too much of this:—but now ’t is past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long-absent HAROLD reappears at last;
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
Wrung with the wounds, which kill not, but ne’er heal;
Yet Time, who changes all, had altered him
In soul and aspect, as in age: years steal
Fire from the mind, as vigor from the limb;
And life’s enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.”

INEZ.

LINES TO O. P. H.

It must not be—it must not be—
My fate must ever be alone;
’T were grief to link thy destiny
With one who all is Sorrow’s own.

I know I laugh, and the gay jests
Oft linger lightly on my tongue—
But who can tell where misery rests,
Beneath a merry mantle flung?

Ah no! the thought were worse than wild;
For me to wish is mildew blight,

For I, alas! am Grief’s own child,
And joy and hope are dark in night.

No; as it is, it must not—
The half-formed wish must be as air;
Though to be near and dear to thee,
Often has been my fondest prayer.

But to Fate’s mandate I must bow—
The Fate that bids me from thee sever—
But every blessing on thee now,
And every good be thine, for ever.

QUIP.

STORIES FROM THE LINN-SIDE. No. VI.

THE MALE COQUETTE.

"My mother! look not on me now,
 With that sad, earnest eye;
 Blame me not, mother—blame not thou
 My heart's last wish—to die!
 I cannot wrestle with the strife
 I once had heart to bear;
 And if I yield a youthful life,
 Full hath it been of care.

There's nothing in this time of flowers
 That hath a voice for me,
 The whispering leaves, the sunny hours,
 The young, the glad, the free—
 There's nothing but thine own deep love,
 And *that* will live on high;
 Then, mother, when my heart's above,
 Kind mother?—let me die."

"AH! good morning, Edward," said Frank Allerton, as he met his old chum on Chestnut street, dressed in the latest fashion, and sporting a gold-headed cane; "I am happy to see you, and congratulate you upon your good fortune in bird-catching, especially when the wings are tipped with gold, and there is a fine cage to sing in; all this must be very pleasant to beguile your weary hours. But, do tell me, Ned, if a striking contrast does not often rise before your mind's eye, between the fascinating heiress and the 'flower of the South,' as you often called her? Truly, there is much to admire in that delicate flower—such retiring modesty, and still so much deep affection; but, alas! she knows little of the world, or at least of men and things, having been educated in a convent, and seen only the bright side of the picture. But then, with all her beauty and goodness, I suppose you thought there was one thing wanting still, and that you have found with Clara Manning—for I have been informed that she is the most wealthy heiress in New Orleans; and that is saying much at the present time, when money, and not merit, appears to be the criterion by which the world judges of character and distinction."

"Nay, you should know me better," exclaimed Edward, in answer to his friend's reproof, "than to think that I should marry for the glittering dross; and as for Maria Waldo, to whom you have just alluded, I will own that once I did think her very pretty, but then, I never paid her those marked attentions which indicate a more than common interest; and surely you will not accuse me of seeking to win her affections, while I had resolved not to bestow mine in return."

"Surely not," answered Frank, laughing sarcastically; "there could be no design on your part, in bestowing your undivided attention upon a lovely girl for three years, and exclusively monopolizing her society. But I am in haste, this morning," continued he, "and must bid you adieu, wishing you all the joy that can be purchased with gold."

Edward Moreton and Frank Allerton were classmates in college, and friends, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their characters. Edward wished to be a man of fashion, a gay gallant, and he attained the envied and noble distinction at which he aimed; but Frank's ambition was of a different nature: his object was to do good to his fellow-men; and though his plain and sincere mode of expression was sometimes almost abrupt, yet there was that kindness of feeling, that goodness of heart, which secured to him the respect and love of all who knew him; in short, he was a man of truth, and even the gay belle, and heartless votary of fashion would endure a rebuke from him.

It was near the close of a Summer's day, that the mild breeze of the balmy South was wafting its fragrance through the open lattice of a neat cottage in the vicinity of New Orleans; the grounds around were in a high state of cultivation, the flowing vines, that were carefully twined in festoons in the rear, displayed a refined taste, forming a beautiful arbor, in the centre of which a fountain of cool water was sending up its dancing spray to meet the bright rich sunlight. It was on such an evening, that a single horseman might have been seen, wending his way up the closely-shaded avenue that led to the cottage. There was a cast of sadness upon his countenance as he alighted, and gave his horse to the servant, with the inquiry, "How is Miss Waldo to-day?"

"Oh! misses very bad—git no better," answered the black, brushing a tear from his eye.

The gentleman stepped into the hall, and sending in his card, was soon ushered into a neatly-furnished room; a couch occupied one side of it, near a window, upon which reclined a lady of surpassing beauty; by her side lay a guitar; she had just been trying to touch the strings to a favorite air as the gentleman entered. On the table near her were scattered a profusion of books, most of which were poems. There were also strewed various little masterpieces of female ingenuity, in which the fairy fingers of Maria were especially formed to excel. She extended her emaciated hand to greet her visitor, and a smile played about her beautiful mouth as she thanked him for his remembrance of the poor invalid. For a moment the color faded from her cheek, then it flushed with crimson, and at last she buried her face in the cushion, and sobbed aloud.

"Is this the bright flower, that a short time since was so admired—so sought for," thought Frank Allerton; for it was he who was Maria's sympathizing friend in sickness and sorrow. "But oh!" he exclaimed, almost aloud, "when I first saw her, she was a lovely creature. Youth, and hope, and joy sat smiling upon her brow, the very image of some dream of beauty, so bright and fairy-like—it seemed as if, to her, the very consciousness of existence was joy—as if 'she might almost fear to think how glad she was.' I left her with a heart as light as was her fairy figure, and dreamed not that a blight could ever cross the pathway of one so fair and gifted; for she was a child of poetry and sentiment, and regarded the world as a fair page, where the ideal and the true were beautifully and harmoniously mingled.

Years rolled by, and I returned to see that bud of beauty a victim of neglect, a mere plaything for a worldling, the forgotten toy of a man of fashion, who worshipped only at the shrine of Mammon, and whose haughty heart knew no law, save that of self, and esteemed naught so much as his own imagined superiority. But alas! it was her misfortune to give her young affections, and all the trusting love of woman's heart, to one so unworthy."

In vain the kind-hearted Frank sought to cheer her drooping spirits; his

benevolent exertions were too late. Day after day she had lived on hope, until she was weary of hoping, and then came despair—for to a sensitive, and delicate mind there is no medium. Oh, when will man, proud man, learn not to trifle with the affections he does not prize! When will he learn that the heart is a sacred thing—that it is cruel mockery, a deep and deadly sin to sport with its pure emotions, for the mere momentary gratification of proving his own power! Oh, who shall tell how many a bright bud of promise has been thus nipped by the destroyer? Who can tell what deep sighs have been breathed from many an agonized heart, and how many characters, that might have lived to bless and adorn the world, have been the prey of those insidious tyrants, who have put forth their power but to destroy, and gloried in the fascination, which enabled them to spread desolation in the pathway of those whom THE FATHER OF ALL had designed that they should cherish and protect.

I will sketch the early history of Maria Waldo, who was one of the many victims at the shrine of man's vanity. She was the only daughter of a wealthy planter, and, as is the custom in the Southern States, she was sent to a convent, to receive an education; she had been there two years, when her father was taken sick, and died. Upon examining his affairs, it was found that he was insolvent. The widow and daughter retired to the little cottage I have before described, followed by two or three blacks, who had been born in the family. It was soon after their removal to the cottage, that she became acquainted with Mr. Moreton. She received from him all those tender and delicate attentions that the most engrossing love could desire, but yet he never *committed himself*; and, while he scrupulously avoided the *words*, his manner said all which devoted love might prompt; and she fondly believed herself his chosen one, and yielded to him her heart's best affection. He was coldly going on, enjoying this new triumph, this added tribute to his powers of fascination. He had tried, and with entire success, every art of which he was the master, to gain her affections; he was ever by her side, at home and abroad; and yet, without one pang of self-reproach, he would calmly say he had neither wish nor thought upon the subject, beyond the amusement of the present hour, and certainly he was not in fault if she had given her love *unasked*, without even a promise of a return, for he had never told her that he loved her. In words he never had: but may not actions and looks sometimes speak in a far louder and more emphatic manner to the heart, than words? Is language the only medium of expressions for the deep and burning emotions of the heart? But his actions and words were both a mystery, for while she was fondly believing in her heart, that he was truly devoted to her, not by any mere form of words, but by his constant devotion, and untold proofs of affection, she heard of his engagement to Clara Manning, the rich heiress. It was long before she would be convinced of the truth of such a report, for it is hard to believe those we have truly loved are unworthy of our regard. She was a delicate flower; the world's turbulent motion was too rough for her; she had launched her all on life's troubled sea; her frail bark had been wrecked, and rifled of its treasure, and sent back a worthless thing. She drooped gradually at first; then came on the quick consumption; and she was often heard to say, that she could not live, and see him giving to another the fond devoted expressions of love he had formerly bestowed upon her; but she was willing to die, for she knew there was a better land, where all could enjoy true happiness. On the very day that wealth and splendor did their utmost, to grace the nuptials of the cold, haughty, and selfish Moreton, her pure spirit took its flight, and Frank,

the true friend, was the last to leave her dying couch, and bear to the heartless worldling her parting words of forgiveness, with the sincere prayer for his happiness, and the wish that he might never know the anguish of unrequited love. She restored all the gifts he had bestowed upon her during her happier days; then she bade a final adieu to her last and only friend, whose love had never failed, her kind and affectionate mother. And oh! it was sad indeed for that mother, to part with her beloved child; she had hoped against hope, that her cherished one would yet recover, but too soon she found that Death had placed his seal upon her, never to be removed. * * *

Again it is evening. In one of the most splendid mansions in New Orleans, there is a grand festival, a gathering together of the bright and beautiful. It was a festival surpassing all others in magnificence, for it was given by the father of Clara Manning, in honor of her marriage with Edward Moreton, who was considered by the world, as one of its brightest ornaments. The large drawing-rooms are thrown open, and shining like the arch of heaven, with innumerable starry eyes; gems and flowers contribute their paler lustre, and voices, low, sweet, and musical, are everywhere heard, mingling their tones of joy. Many are the gay cavaliers, unvanquished in the battle-field, who are now subdued by the bright glance of beauty. All is gorgeous and dazzling. In the centre of a gay group, leaning on a splendid harp, with her dark eyes raised, as if in triumph, sat the bride; the thick curls were flung back from her proud brow, and there was much of sarcasm in the smile that played about the mouth. By her side stood the adoring husband, when a servant handed him a note; he glanced at the superscription, then, crushing it in his hand, hurried from the apartment. It was from his old classmate, Frank Allerton, giving him a touching narrative of the death of Maria, and of the prayers she had offered up, that Heaven might guard and bless him. And then, quoting the words of the poor sufferer, "Alas! you know not what it costs me now to confess! I had only one hope in life. It was that you yet retained some feelings of interest for one who was so truly yours, but even that is denied me. Now I go where no earthly hope, no love of earthly friends, can pursue me, through the dark valley to the regions of light and love." She solemnly warned him not to deceive her whom he had promised to cherish and protect, and not to place too much confidence in the power of wealth to purchase happiness. She then bade him a long and last farewell.

What were the feelings at that moment of the proud man of the world, I attempt not to portray; but he soon returned to the brilliantly illuminated rooms with a face all smiles, and even the most penetrating might have been baffled in their conjectures. Time passed on; Moreton found that he had indeed gained wealth, but not happiness; the imperious spirit of his wife embittered all domestic joys, and his lot was one of gilded misery. Truly "is the path of the transgressor hard;" and often did he, who had sacrificed himself at the shrine of wealth, and had suffered a still more costly sacrifice, the affections of a pure and trusting heart, upon the altar of his own vanity—often did he bitterly regret, that he had not, like his friend Allerton, by the exercise of his really fine talents, won his way to professional distinction; and cherished, as the idol of home, the fair Southern flower he had so ruthlessly destroyed.

IONE.

THE FAIRIES.

PART THIRD.

LONG ere the midnight moonbeams fell
In the shadowy depths of the fairies' dell,
The band had met, and soon began
The gifts of the rival claimants to scan.
With earnest words, and anxious mein,
Were claims advanced to be the queen,
For those who now their trophies brought
With toil the royal crown had sought.
Fair Anthea came, with sparkling eye,
And first addressed the fairies nigh.

"Sisters, I dreamed not that I had a power,
Surpassing your own, which a conquest could gain;
Victory may not be mine in this hour,
My efforts to please may have all been in vain :
There are fairies more able and daring than I,
But she who is weakest, and humblest, may *try*.

There's merit in effort—if faint are the hopes
Which nerve to endeavor the arm that strives still,
If darkness surround while onward it gropes,
Say, have ye no boon for the unswerving will?
It is not the queenly tiara I ask,
But thanks for a long and difficult task.

I knew how ye prized the buds and the flowers,
Which, fragrant and lovely, bedeck our sweet vale;
The children of sunshine, of dew, and of showers,
Whose blighting ye mourn, whose presence ye hail.
But a lovelier blossom than florist e'er knew,
Is the gift, my loved ones, which I now bring to you;

In a garden, afar, in an Eastern clime,
I have passed my long year of toil, and of care,
And the flower to which I devoted that time
Was a rose, with whose beauty naught else might compare.
Oh, sisters, scarce can ye know the sweet thrill
With which I present ye this proof of my skill.

I sprinkled its leaves with the earliest dew,
I watered its roots from the clouds of the sky,
I shielded its buds from the sun's blazing view,
And watched that no harm to its tendrils came nigh;
The gardens of Persia can never have seen
A rose, which so truly of flowers is queen."

As the modest fairy now finished her tale,
She raised from an urn a magical veil,

And disclosed to their eyes a lovelier flower
Than fairies had ever beheld, till this hour.
A shout of delighted approval was heard,
And scarce was a fairy, but gave a kind word ;
Yet Crystallen called it a frail worthless thing,
And hastened in triumph her trophy to bring.
Oh, never in mines, or in princes' rich store,
In mountain caves, or on ocean's broad floor,
Or even in fairy haunts, had been seen
A gem so befitting a fair elfin queen.
'T was a diamond bright, whose radiant blaze
Might almost eclipse the moon's brilliant rays ;
And it seemed, when viewed by a fairy's quick eye,
Surpassing in lustre the stars of the sky.
But still there gleamed forth from the fairies' eyes,
As they viewed the gem, less joy than surprise.

"Sisters !" said Crystallen, "may I not hear
The word which for all my past toils will atone ?
Is not your sympathy given to cheer
For labors in darkness, in damp, and alone.
Yon glittering stone in a cavern was made,
Where never a beam of moonlight has strayed."

And long, with my wand, its crystals I turned
Ere the faintest beam of radiance came,
Then I toiled and watched, till with splendor it burned,
And the light shone forth like a living flame ;
No flickering radiance dazzles your sight,
'T will shine for aye, as it shines to-night."

"Sisters," said Farmeria, "now have ye seen
A beautiful flower, and radiant gem ;
And one of our sisters may surely be queen
If naught can be found to out-rival them.
Yet is not the beauty of form and of face,
A beauty to which all else may give place ?

To show in perfection such beauty as this,
My effort has been ; my task is now o'er,
And, sisters, ye truly will share in my bliss ;
This sure is a joy which still is in store.
But, fearing your joy and patience, *may* fail,
With no more delay, I will tell you my tale.

In a far-off land lived a mighty king,
With an only child to inherit his fame ;
His splendor and prowess his minstrels would sing,
But in her there was naught which their praises could claim.
A being more hideous never was seen,
Than the girl who was mourned as their destined queen.

With my little wand to the palace I went—
I found the princess immured in her bower ;

And there, unseen, my year has been spent,
On her I've toiled in each sleeping hour.
Ah! little she thought, in those slumberings deep,
That she soon for joy of her beauty might weep.

Night after night passed slowly on,
Ere a change was marked in her shapeless frame,
And many a month I found was gone,
Ere the faintest charm to her features came;
But at length its light was revealed in her face,
And each feature, and limb, and motion was grace.

Now proudly she steps in her father's hall,
And flattering princes kneel at her feet;
They wonder and gaze, as they feel the sweet thrall,
For Beauty in her is a triumph complete.
I have told my tale, my sisters dear,
But the beautiful princess is not here."

"Nay, is she not?" said little Artiste,
"Her likeness, then, I may venture to shew;
'Tis a faithful sketch, to say the least;"
And she held a portrait up to their view.
'T was a burnished plate, and on it shone
The life-like form of that lovely one.

"I did I not; 't was the sun's bright rays
Which painted there this image bright,
But on the plate I spent long days,
And toiled through many a dreary night.
And months I wrought ere I could view,
Reflected there, each line and hue."

The fairies gathered round to gaze,
And scarce they knew which most to praise,
Those charms, transferred, which met their sight,
Or the power that stamped them there in light.
And while they questioned loud and long,
Litera came to the wondering throng.
They saw the mirth in her bright eyes play,
And they eagerly listened to what she might say.

"Now, sisters, I will tell you my tale;
No beauties I bring, no wonders I've wrought;
I aim not to make you with marvels grow pale,
But the crown I have long and earnestly sought.
I have hoped that I might be chosen your queen,
If I only could *edit a magazine*.

Well, I took the leaves of the papyrus tree,
And used as a style my little wand;
I gathered around me a coterie,
Each *bas bleu* elf was found in my band;
I met them oft in the calm clear night,
And we read, and wrote, by the bright moonlight.

Long nights we toiled, o'er our *number one*,
 But ne'er was a fairy so patient as me ;
 Though I sometimes feared it would never be done,
 And wished it oft in the depths of the sea.
 But I wanted all scoffing mortals to know
 What little elves 'had power to do.'

At length we sent THE FAIRY'S GIFT,
 With hopes and fears, to a wondering world ;
 Some said they could not see its drift,
 And some at us their malice hurled.
 Some called it HUMBUG—said they knew
 No *fairies* such a thing could do.

But some were kind ; and if the power
 Of a fairy queen shall ever be mine,
 I'll think of the friends of that trying hour,
 And a some fairy gifts to them will assign.
 Now, sisters, I would have ye look
 With favoring eyes on my little book."

The fairies opened wide their eyes,
 And made attempts to criticise ;
 To every merit were they blind,
 And even a cold harsh world seemed kind
 Compared with those who scanned the book
 With cool contempt, and scornful look,
 And could not e'en award one cheer
 To her who 'd hoped some praise to hear.
 Litera found, as many have done,
 That her efforts with sisters no favor had won ;
 But she knew that with mortals a prophet can gain
 No honor at home ; that envy 's the bane
 Of the mortal, and fairy ; and who would be free
 From doubt and from blame, a ninny must be.

"I know not," said she, "that good I have done,
 But one thing I know, I have had some prime fun,
 And I know not who our queen will now be,
 But one thing I know, it will never be me.
 Well, the stars are dim, and the moon is down,
 To-morrow eve a queen we 'll crown.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE JEWISH TEMPLE.

DAYS and weeks had passed, since from the high and massive walls of great Jerusalem, the loud shrill clarion first gave the signal of invasion by the sanguinary host of Titus. And, since that hour, dark and fearful had been the scenes of cruelty and bloodshed, that the chosen people of God were doomed to witness. Weakened and torn by internal animosities and dissensions, they were poorly prepared to repel their savage invaders. They

saw the desolating ravages of famine and pestilence, engendered by their own strangely-infatuated conduct, and giving rise to some of the most disgusting and heart-rending acts that has ever been recorded upon the pages of history. They beheld the streets of their beautiful city filled with the mangled bodies of their own aged and helpless ones, the victims of their self-destroying factions; and while indulging in the most unholy and cruel passions that have ever swayed the heart of man, they invoked and expected the aid of THE GOD OF ISRAEL in conquering and exterminating their enemies. Blinded by the excess of their pride and obstinacy, they either despised or had forgotten the instruction of Him, who taught that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." Meanwhile, the steady, persevering efforts of the besiegers, to raze the lofty walls of the holy city, were not fruitless, and war, in all its most horrid aspects, burst upon its inhabitants from every quarter. The awful roar of the desolating flames, the long loud clash of sword with sword, the furious charge of horseman with horseman, and the wild yell of fierce encounter, had echoed and re-echoed from the palm-covered hills of Judea, and broken in terrific sounds upon the ear of her proud people; yet they feared not, for in the firm persuasion, that the God of their fathers would save them from destruction, they, by their insolence and obstinacy, only exasperated their already ferocious enemies.

They saw the strength of their fortifications, those that they had deemed impregnable to human force, gradually diminishing before the ponderous engines of the enemy. They saw the determined men of Rome take possession of some of their lofty towers, and they saw too their hands reeking in the choicest Hebrew blood. Still their stout hearts quailed not, for their pride and their boast, the far-famed and magnificent Temple of JEHOVAH, was still seen, rising untouched amid the general crash and ruin; and even amid the scenes of horror and desolation with which they were encompassed, when they looked upon this indication of the presence of the Mighty One, who had so often wrought out their deliverance, a smile of contempt and triumph gleamed forth in their wan countenances. Fatigue, hunger and thirst were then alike forgotten; the vision of their murdered friends, lying beneath the smoking ruins of their once beauteous homes, was obliterated as they gazed upon their much-loved Temple, proudly rearing its marble pillars and gigantic dome (that, in its dazzling brightness, vied with the beams of the noonday sun) to the very dwelling place of HIM to whose honor it had been dedicated. But the spirit of their contemned and forsaken God, that once deigned to dwell between the golden wings of the cherubim, no longer lingered there, to frown defiance on the impious crew who dared profane its sacred shrine. The holy purposes to which it had been devoted, were no longer requisite. The last great Sacrifice had been offered; that, for which the Temple had been erected, and all its solemn rites instituted, was accomplished. This truth the haughty Jews spurned from them as unworthy their attention; they had obstinately closed their eyes against the unerring light, that emanated from the Star of Bethlehem, and now, in the hour of adversity, they were left to wander in darkness. Long and wistfully they gazed upon their "Heavenward Tower," but the last bitter hour had arrived, when they were to behold it wreathed in smoke and flame. In vain did they rush to its rescue; in vain were the fierce men of war ordered to desist; the fiat for its destruction had gone forth from THE ALMIGHTY, and it was beyond the power of man to save. Higher and higher rose the gathering blaze; deeper and deeper closed its fiery folds around that stupendous edifice, rapidly excluding from their view all to which they had so tenaciously clung for

deliverance. They saw their last hope fade, they saw their Temple totter and fall, and they heard the shriek of the dying thousands that were crushed beneath its ruins; and, as they sank to the blood-stained earth in despair, they thought of the hated, persecuted, and crucified Nazarene, who prophesied that not one stone, in all that vast building, should be left upon another.

J. S. W.

"LAFAYETTE AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON."

WE may imagine better than we can express, the sensations awakened in the breast of this great and good man, when he found himself standing beside the tomb of George Washington. He had come far over the waters to take a last farewell of the scene which he had held so dear in a stranger land. He had loved our country, and had even shed his blood for our liberties. He had periled his life, not to gain the applause of man, or to procure for himself wealth and distinction—no! he sought not for these—he desired them not. He was actuated by purer motives. He saw with regret the injustice and oppression that tyranny was heaping upon our fair country, and he fondly dreamed of a brighter day that should dawn upon us; and the thought that he might aid in subduing the powerful arm of the oppressor, aroused to action all the noble energies of his benevolent soul. Firmly fixed in this resolution, he left his own loved home, and all that was so dear to him in his native land, and crossed the Atlantic, to join the little band, and assist them in gaining their liberties; and he had lived to accomplish his high purpose. He saw the light of liberty shining in its resplendent glory on the once oppressed inhabitants of America; then he returned in peace to his own home; and now he had come to visit our country, and to take a last farewell of the scenes that had been rendered so dear to him. He had come to welcome the children of America as the sons of Freedom, and once more to offer the hand of friendship to those whom he felt proud to own as friends. He had esteemed George Washington as a brother; and well he might consider him as such, for he found in him a kindred spirit; their thoughts and feelings beat in unison. They both possessed generous noble hearts, and virtue was to them as dear as life. Through all the dangers that beset them, they passed hand in hand in brotherly love. And when they were called to separate, the silent tears that flowed down their cheeks bespoke more eloquently than words, the anguish of their hearts. But when he again greeted our shores, among the numerous friends who pressed around him, eager to render some token of gratitude and love, one highly-valued one came not, for that friend "had passed that bourne whence no traveller returns;" and he felt that he had come to pay his last tribute of respect to the memory of the departed. How did the scenes of by-gone days again start up before the vision of this venerable soldier, as he lingered beneath the willows of Mt. Vernon, the last abode of our Washington.

Again he saw that little band of Freedom's champions, headed by their matchless chief, struggling for liberty. Again he passed with them through their long and weary contest, to that memorable era in the history of our nation, when the "British Lion was compelled to cower beneath the American Eagle." His musings were not like those of the idle dreamer; the tears that flowed down his furrowed cheeks, moistening the turf beneath

which his loved brother slept, attested the vivid truth of his recollections. He wept that he could not again, on earth, behold the face of him whom he had so ardently loved; and his heart beat with emotions of joy when he remembered that the last remains of him who had fought for the liberty of our land, were permitted to rest on Freedom's happy soil, and that he had left behind him a name which would be blessed by all succeeding generations.

M. S. L.

COMEDY AT THE PARSONAGE.

WHO, that has ever lived within twenty miles of R., has not heard of Parson H., of his eccentricities, his sly jokes, and a thousand other things, which, although they have been told a thousand times, are not yet thought to be threadbare; but are often resorted to, to give a zest to conversation. His list of marriages has given rise to more amusement at the Winter evening parties in the little village of R., than all the other gossip with which the village abounded.

The parson was rarely known to receive cash as a remuneration for performing the marriage ceremony: he chose rather to take country produce, or some little job of work. Of this he kept a minute record, which ran thus:

"Spliced A. B. to C. D., and received for the services five pecks of white beans, and a bushel of potatoes.

Took Jethro H. and Keziah D., and of the twain made one flesh; for which received three pecks of corn, and a day's work at chopping wood.

Jumped Johnny S. and his sweetheart Molly over the broomstick, for a peck of gray beans.

Paired Ezra C. and Sukey, his darling, for five heads of cabbage.

Yoked Jonathan and Jemima for nothing.

Married Orlando Y. and Mary W.; for which received a clock-reel, two wheel-pins, and a press-board, and Mary made me a present of a shirt. She either thinks that she was undervalued, or that Orlando is worth a shirt: say which, Mary?

Tied Stephen M. to Zipporah L., for five pounds of flax, and fifteen ounces of wool."

The above will give a tolerably correct idea of a record of scores of marriages; and the diary was often produced in company, when the worth of each man's wife would be duly expatiated upon. The parson would say: "Johnny L.'s wife is worth a peck of gray beans; and Ezra C.'s is worth five heads of cabbage;" and so on to the end of the chapter.

One day Parson H.'s workmen were watering his garden, when one of them said to the other: "I wonder why Parson H. do n't pray for rain—it always rains when he prays for it." "Well, neighbor, I have noticed the same," said the other, "and I believe the parson, fond as he is of fun, is nevertheless a good man." "Just so I think," said the first speaker, "and I believe every body thinks so." "And I thought so," said the parson's little son, who stood by, "till this morning, when mother asked father to pray for rain; and he laughed at her, and said, 'Do n't you *know*, wife, that I never pray for rain, unless it looks very likely to come;' and *then* I thought differently.

When Parson H. officiated as clergyman in the township of R., it was

customary to tax the people, to support the Congregational clergymen. But the parson was not so strenuous as were many of the clergy of the olden time; on the contrary, he was often known to refund the tax of those who were poor. And he would often tell with much pleasantry a circumstance which took place in his native town in "the land of steady habits."

The parson said that, in the parish where he lived, there was a day laborer, whose only property was a wife, and a good round dozen of the smiling blessings of Providence. This man had, once on a time, been at some extra expense, which made it morally impossible for him to pay his tithes, without great inconvenience. The clergyman was rather strenuous in his exactions, and turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of the poor man, who requested the parson to forget his tithes, at least for one year. Finding entreaties vain, the poor man said he knew of but one way to pay his tithes, and he hesitated, fearing to sin.

"I know of a man," said he, "who has a number of pigs of a very fine breed; now I might steal one, and bring it to your riverence."

"Well," said the parson, "it is a sin to steal, but it is a *greater* sin to rob the church of its due."

Preliminaries being settled, the poor man delivered, one night, to the parson's housekeeper a bandbasket. She, being previously instructed to take all imaginable care of whatever the poor man brought, carried it into the kitchen to examine its contents—when lo! to her astonishment, she found it to contain a beautiful boy, of some ten months of age.

The parson was absent at the time, and did not return for several days, and when he did, he was confounded at the trick the poor man had played him. He sent for him, forgave him his tithes, and enjoined the strictest secrecy respecting the whole transaction. Notwithstanding, the story got air, and the parson often had to experience the mortification of being asked, if he would like to have his tithe pig.

Of this story Parson H. had many versions, and he usually related the one which he thought would be the most amusing. C.

TO A FADED ROSE.

SWEET flower, I've watched thee long
 With anxious care; screened thee from the rude storm,
 And ruthless hand that would have borne thee from thy home away.
 When first I saw thy little buds unfold and bloom in beauty here,
 I said, this gentle rose shall cheer me in my lonely hours,
 And by its sweet perfume revive my fainting heart.
 I thought I would not much regret though all the world looked cold
 On me, or spoke my name with scorn, whilst thou wast spared,
 For well I knew that human love was oft another name
 For utter selfishness; and those, who talked the loudest of its worth,
 And did extol it most, too frequent proved but summer friends.
 But when I found my flower evanescent, and all its beauties fading,
 I turned in bitterness away from Earth, and felt that all perennial flowers
 Must bloom alone in heaven. E. D.

EDITORIAL.

BOOKS AND READING. We are sometimes asked the following questions: Are the Factory Girls fond of reading? Do they spend their leisure hours with books? Is their employment favorable, or otherwise, to reflection? Cannot those who write prepare their articles while at their work?

We have never liked to speak of factory girls as a distinct class of females, when judging of their intellectual and moral characters. They are like other girls in almost every thing; for, although there are some peculiar influences in their situations, yet these are counteracted by others which prevent them from being characterized by many distinctive traits.

But we have invariably asserted that we thought factory girls fond of reading—that is, we believe they read more than any other class of girls who work for a livelihood—as much as many of our country school-teachers—perhaps more; and we should think as much as our fashionables, whom they probably excel in habits of reflection, and correctness of thought. True there are many ignorant, vain, frivolous, low-minded girls among them; not however enough to give the tone to the class, if we may call them a class, and not more than will be found among the same number of girls elsewhere. In fact the stigma, which has been affixed to "*the factory girl*," should be considered a libel upon *female character* in general. What are we but the representative body of New England women. We are most of us from New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont; some from Massachusetts, though not a large proportion, and a few from the Canadian towns, contiguous to "the States." There are a few *scattering* ones, who belong to other parts of the Union, and a few emigrants. The majority are from the country towns of New England, from whence purity of character, and some degree of cultivated intellect, might surely be expected.

"But," say the traducers of manufacturing operatives, "we believe your factory girls are as good as women can be under such influences. It is the corrupting tendencies of associated bodies which we reprobate, and which it is impossible to resist." Whether these things are believed by those who say them, we cannot tell. If they are, then they have little confidence in woman—they have little faith in the principles of morality and democracy, which have been instilled into these girls, and the influences under which they have been educated. There can be little faith in our common school system, our universal religious instruction, the habits of early life, the permanency of first impressions, the sentiments inculcated by our fathers, and the recollections of our forefathers—if all these melt, like the frost of a winter's morn, before the destroying blaze of "corporation influence." We would not be thought to speak favorably of corporations. We have nothing to do with them, farther than they affect the characters of the females they employ. But we wish that those opposed to them would not make so much political capital of *us*. We wish that politicians, *as politicians*, would let us alone. We neither wish to be traduced, flattered, or complimented, to serve party purposes. Let those who have aught to say against them speak, if necessary, of their influence upon the wealth, commerce, and other political interests of the country; but, until the factory girls *are* a distinct and separate race of beings, we wish they'd

"let the girls alone,
And let them quiet be."

But we are sorry that we have wandered so long from our subject. Why, it may be asked, are factory girls more inclined to read than other laboring females?

Perhaps it is because their leisure hours are at that time of day when pleasures must be often found at home, and fatigue disposes to a sedentary recreation. Because also their Sabbaths are more wholly their own, than those of many other females. Because, in all manufacturing places, there are great facilities for the gratification of every literary taste, or preference.

But, it may be objected, the facilities are as great for the indulgence of a vicious preference, the formation of a bad taste, as otherwise. Unhappily it is. This is an objection which we cannot refute—the tree of knowledge has always been "of good and evil." But we do not believe this is more of an objection to the universal diffusion of literature among us than others. We know that there are many light, worthless, and injurious books, papers, &c. which are partly supported by factory girls, and which have the effrontery to appeal to them for support. We regret it; and could we gain an influence with our sister operatives, we would exert that influence to bring about another state of things. But, some may say, the short intervals, which alone these girls can devote to reading, render it impossible that they should read long

works, or those which require close attention, and consecutive thought. "What man has done, man may do," and what girls have done, girls may do. When we worked all day, and every day, in the mill, we found time to read such works as Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella, Thiers's History of the French Revolution, and others of the kind. Still, we would not be thought to intimate that books like these alone are valuable. We do not. If we did, we certainly could not advise any one to look within the covers of the Lowell Offering. Our companions know that we do not expect them to spend all their time in reading sermons, hymns, essays, or even histories and biographies. For ourselves, we approve of fiction. We believe it may have its uses, as well as its pleasures. But whether it is approved, or not, it will be read. The endeavor to place it under a ban has, in general, proved fruitless; and it is wiser to strive to direct aright this love of imaginative lore, than to destroy it. We believe all reading injurious, whether fictitious or not, which tends to engender and cherish bad feelings, suspicious, animosities; and which disseminates pleasing falsehoods, from motives of policy, gain, or wanton recklessness. The essay may do harm—the story often does much good.

But some of our factory friends may wish to know more explicitly our thoughts upon this subject, and of what we approve. We approve of course of didactic works, of biographies, histories, &c.; and many of these are now written in so clear and pleasing a style as to invite the attention of every one. We have never been more interested in any work of fiction than in the History of Europe, which we have referred to upon our covers. But to those who like not such works, or wish for a variety, we could recommend all the historical novels of Scott, James, and Ainsworth, as imparting much valuable information, besides giving pleasure. Such stories as Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, The Waldenses, Miniature Romances from the German, Arabian Nights' Entertainment, give us an idea of manners, customs, and sentiments of different nations, which we cannot otherwise obtain. We fear that some of our remarks will displease some of our readers. If so, we shall regret it; but we shall speak all our mind upon every subject, so far as is consistent with our good faith to our publisher, and subscribers; and our limited space.

It will be seen that we think all but positively injurious reading preferable to no reading at all; but our readers are mistaken if they think we would imply that our operatives are reckless in their selection of books. We do not think them generally so. Lowell has been lately considered quite a book market. Many periodicals are taken here, several papers supported, principally by our females, and we may well lay claim to the reputation of being a reading community. When we alluded to Dickens's work upon America, we said that the girls did not "nearly all subscribe to circulating libraries;" but there are connected with nearly every society in the city—perhaps with every one—one or two libraries, a parish and Sabbath school library; and from these many of our operatives are supplied with books.

There are also loads of little Pocket Companions, and Daily Foods sold here, besides countless copies of The Young Lady's Guide, The Young Lady's Friend, The Young Lady's Assistant, The Young Woman's Companion, Letters to a Young Lady, &c.—evincing, at least, a desire to know and do what is right. We do not so highly approve of many of these compilations as to recommend them, because we think works upon moral science more elevating to the mind; believing, that if the general principles of ethics are understood, and impressed upon the mind and heart, each individual can make her own particular application far better than any book can do. And when they treat of manners, we think a dancing-master might do as much, and general intercourse with well-bred people far more—neither do we like this being mannerly by rule.

In compilations there is also frequently injustice done to the author. Why not buy the Writings of Hannah More, with her own name attached to them, instead of anonymous selections? And many a factory girl makes, literally, a bosom companion of unknown selections from Fenelon, who would shrink with horror if asked to read the sentiments of a Roman Catholic Archbishop.

But there are many girls here who wish to select small libraries, for perusal after they return to their homes. These do not wish to spend their money for novels, or light periodicals, but would have something which will be of permanent value. The cheap edition of Harper's Family Library would be a treasure in a country home. One hundred and fifty-three volumes, at twenty-five cents each, would form a cheap and valuable fund of knowledge. But some will say, "How can we be expected to spend thirty or forty dollars for a library?" And none will be more ready to ask this question than girls who spend three dollars a year for The Artist, or the Lady's World of Fashion, or some such periodical, and four cents per week—two dollars per year—for a paper, which if not wholly worthless now, will be of no value to them in after years; and who will possibly spend this sum for many successive years. H. F.